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FALLING LEAVES.

When Winter winds are wailing,
And death rides on the breeze,
With icy breaths a-sailing,
The stars and snows trees—
It grieves me not to see,
For 'tis their time to die,
And with all nature wither
The leaves that round us lie,
But when the day is teeming
With life, and love, and light,
And in our path is beaming
The sun of joy and delight,
It saddens us to see,
—Oh! 'tis a mournful thing,
They should so soon depart,
The leaves that fall in Spring;
What though young life has parted
From earth ere Spring has past,
It yields to Winter's blast!
Grieve not, but humbly bend
Submissive to the call;
Nor scorn their simple teaching,
The leaves that round us fall.

[AFTER THE MANNER OF "L'AMOUR."]

L'AMOUR.

Que qu' c'est q' ça?

—OR—

LOVE, WHAT IS IT?

BY A POOR YOUNG MAN.

With a Preface which has nothing to do with Fanny.

Trans. into English, for the NEW-YORK SATURDAY PRESS,

BY FRANK WOOD.

To Madame Marie-Louise-Rose Fortin, Milordist at

Gonesse.

MY DEAR MADAME FORTIN:

While selling me, yesterday morning, my usual two-

pence worth of milk, you kindly said to me:

"Please tell me, sir, of some nice little book, cheap,

and not long, that I can read by myself at home,

evening, after having washed our youngsters' face,

and heard his prayers, before my man returns from

his work."

And I answered you:

"Best assured, my good Madame Fortin, that I

will find it for you."

Whereupon I went out to look for it, and I have

found it.

After having served your milk in the Faubourg

Saint Germain, you go to a bookstore, and ask for

"L'AMOUR, QUE QU' C'EST QU' ÇA?"

PAR UN JEUNE HOMME PAUVRE.

It is just the thing you want.

I know very well you will object to me that love, at

our age, is mere folly.

But I will reply by two songs of the day:

"C'est l'amour, l'amour, l'amour,
Qui fait le monde
A la ronde
Et chaque jour,
A son tour,
Le monde fait l'amour."

That's one; and here is the other:

"Ah! que l'amour est agréable!
Il est de toutes les saisons.
Un bon bourgeois, dans sa maison,
Le dit au feu, le repute à table."

And so on. The rest you must remember as well

as I.

Yes, love, Madame Fortin, love is life.

At home, a gentleman, a poet—Ovid—courted the

Princess Julia, own daughter of the Emperor Augustus

—think of that!

And the Emperor Augustus, as was his right to do,

exiled Ovid to a far-off country—to Molavia, or Wal-

tachia, or some such place.

Ovid had written *The Art of Love* in Latin verse.

In France, in the time of Voltaire, another poet,

Gentil Bernard, composed an *Art of Love* in French

verse.

But, as he didn't court princesses, but only ordinary

women, what could you expect? He was not sent into

exile.

Among us, too, though much later, a physician,

Dr. Venette, published in prose a book entitled *Con-*

jugial Love, which has gone through thousands of edi-

tions, and is much sought after, now-a-days, by school-

boys in vacation time.

Finally, quite recently, a gray-haired professor,

much loved by those same school-boys, after having

given them, in prose, *L'Amour* and *L'Amour*—two

charming works—offers them a third, also in prose—

L'Amour.

This, too, is nothing more nor less than *Clay's*

Love.

But M. Michel, like a clever man, did not care to

submit his little book to Dr. Venette.

So at last, a perfect little jewel of a book has just

appeared, with the name:

"L'AMOUR, QUE QU' C'EST QU' ÇA?"

PAR UN JEUNE HOMME PAUVRE.

This miniature volume sums up and eclipses the four

other chefs-d'œuvre.

And for several reasons:

To begin with—like the first, it is not written in

Latin—a language which you cannot understand any

more than I, Madame Fortin, though, to make an im-

pression upon the vulgar, I pretend to have it at my fin-

But what was my joy in hearing you exclaim, the

moment you saw me:

"Thank you, thank you, sir! I don't want that

rice, little, cheap book, now. I have found a deli-

ful one, namely:

"L'AMOUR, QUE QU' C'EST QU' ÇA?"

PAR UN JEUNE HOMME PAUVRE.

And you praised it so that I blushed for the author,

who is something of a relation, and a good deal of a

friend, of mine.

However, I hadn't the courage to tear up my letter.

Que voulez-vous? Every one has his little spark of

vanity.

And so, not being able to send it to you, I address it

to the Public.

It is such a good child, that poor Public!

A FAT CARRIC.

L'AMOUR, QUE QU' C'EST QU' ÇA?

I. Woman.

"Sir, what is it that people love?"

A Gentleman.—"Why, woman, to be sure. How stu-

pid you are?"

Now since this gentleman was alone with me I con-

clude that I was stupid in asking him this question,

since, after all, there is not a little truth in his answer.

I was by no means certain that it was woman that

we love. Papa Feuillel maintains that the thing we

should love best of all is a situation. He himself as-

pines to a nice little one at the hospital opposite the

Pont des Arts. Meanwhile he carries on his little

business in the Place de la Bourse, where he is one of

the doorkeepers to the catacombs.

Between ourselves, he owes the public favor in which

he is held to the prodigious dimensions of his shirt-

collar.

But to go back to woman.

I don't know why, but I have imagined that women

were all lunatics.

I have been assured that, like the moon, they re-
new themselves every month. To tell the truth I never

could understand a word of it.

Woman does not talk much. Perhaps you think I

am joking? Not at all! Woman gossips, titillates, but

does not talk. She sighs, her bosom heaves, her

eyelashes are drawn down that she may see the better

and be the better seen; and if she, by accident, says

anything, her voice is intermingled with sighs.

And "our hearts are at once moved by this?"

Why, then, my portress, a woman who talks a great

deal, and she has never produced any such effect upon

me.

Woman is always an invalid, after the fashion of a

barometer. Anything that makes us furious or sad,

asserts itself in her by fever or languor.

My candor prevents my going into families, and yet

it seems to me that I can divine the tasks falling re-

spectively to husband and wife:

The husband has the preoccupation, the worryment

and cares for the future.

The wife has the house to take care of, the family to

care for.

If the man has any troubles,—he is troubled, and

that is all.

If the woman has troubles,—she is an invalid.

These reflections will tell you, and I perceive that to

become pedantic in these matters, it is only neces-

sary to examine one's self.

The man should work for less,—more than that even,

he should work for both.

It would seem to me more rational to put it thus, for

example: M. Clement Robert is a great novelist, who

has written *The Four Sergeants of La Rochelle*, and Mm.

Clement Robert is a famous good cook, who, solely to

retain the love of her husband, invented *la frite à la*

Chitenne.

Suppose that I am in ordinary circumstances, and

that I wish to get married. Before setting out in

search of the woman to marry, I naturally ask myself

this question:

Shall my beloved be rich or poor?

Since I am poor, I should prefer to have her rich—if

fortune does not contribute happiness, it goes a great

way towards it,—but good sense, your great good

sense, now says to you:

She should be gentle, trusting, willing to be guided, and

above all, fresh in heart.

All the rest is of secondary importance.

You must be a colonel on half-pay, a Polish refugee,

a broken-down lawyer, or inventor of an exploded hum-

bug to think otherwise.

If my papa Feuillel is not of my opinion, if all his

poor children want to marry princesses, it is probably

because that is the condition of mind necessary to

enable him to get a place in the hospital before men-

tioned.

I pardon you, O my papa!

Of what nation shall my bride be?

It is perfectly understood that I am addressing myself

to Frenchmen.

English women have such a decided passion for beef

that a man who marries one of them must expect to

see a *primo agnato*, who might have hung in the Sixtine

Chapel, preferred, by assimilation, to himself.

The German women are faithful enough, but they

speak a language which is very disagreeable to us

Frenchmen. If I can judge by the Baden soldier, who

Should a Frenchman marry a Frenchwoman?

Yes.

To this question I add another, which the author, of

whom I have just spoken, could not have thought of.

Of what religion should the woman of your choice

be?

For, in spite of my unsophisticatedness, I know that

the choosing of a wife is more important than the

choosing of a pair of boots or of a hat.

How annoying for a Protestant husband to hear his

wife say: "I am going to confession!"

How disagreeable for a Catholic wife, at the very

moment that she is talking fondly with her husband,

to see him escape from her and seek the farthest cor-

ner of his apartment, to meditate over some one hun-

ded and seventy-five verses of the Bible!

And the Jews! good gracious!

Just imagine a Saturday, and a Catholic or Protestant

wife, as her husband is about departing for the syn-

agogue, saying in her most affectionate tones:

"My dear, I should as like to have some nice pork-

chops for dinner!"

Think of the sufferings of a Turk whose wife should

be addicted to blue colors!

Suppose that instead of being the son of M. Octave

Feuillel, I am an earnest man, and tell me if I do not—

jestingly—put my finger in one of the bloodiest wounds

of the poor social body.

My answer is this:

Husband and wife must be of the same religion!

And the political opinion of the spouse?

No! Justing here, if you please.

Madame de Girardin was a glorious woman.

But she is dead.

Madame Duvivier calls herself George Sand.

Then she is no longer marriageable.

While I am making these reflections, which may be-

tray me, I meet a villager.

"Good day to you, sir," says a little old man to me.

"You are very polite."

"There is no occasion to thank me, sir. But don't

you know me? I am the shepherd of one of your

papa's flocks."

"Ah! delighted to make your acquaintance. You

haven't a small situation you could offer me, have

you?"

"Not just at present, but—"

Here my papa's candid villager slips these words in

my ear:

You know how to read. Now, just give me a taste of

this little book here."

And the old man inserts an old book, between the

Powers and *Delilah* that I have in my pocket.

Blush, chaste works of my father, that until now

have grown yellow on the bookcase's shelves, at the

neighborhood you are in!

It is a copy of a work which, formerly, was sold at

the toy-shops: "The Tableau of Conjugal Love," by

Doctor Venette.

Let us doubt Providence henceforth and pin our

faith upon the candor of villagers.

We would hardly recognize me now. I have almost

a mind to destroy the innocent reflections I made a lit-

tle while ago. And spite of all, I yet ask myself:

What is love?

On the other hand I need no longer address this

question to myself: What is pleasure?

O woman, those whom we should adore, do not de-

scend from their pedestal. Remain yet a longer while

to me a point of interrogation.

Woman is as she is made.

You must then create your wife.

The wife desires nothing better than to become the

complement of the man. She wishes to belong to the

man; she wants to be one with him; she does not

want to walk, see, think, but through him; she wants

to be entirely his.

This is her greatest desire, stronger in her than all

the sentiment, all the joys, and all the passions.

She will forget, in order to assimilate herself to him,

to submit to him, that she has a mind, a soul, that she

has a higher calling, that she has a religion, a father, a

God.

Because, when she shall have submitted herself,

altered herself—when she shall have crawled at the feet

of the man, then she will rise, proudly, and the mis-

treasure, she "will haughtily hold out her foot or her

hand to the knees which, but a moment ago, she beg-

ged for."

In your turn, man, you beg, because you are subju-

gated.

Have you not discovered, in six thousand years,

what a ridiculous part you play?

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